

# PASQUIN to the Queen's Statue

## at St. Paul's, during the Procession, Jan. 20. 1714.

Behold he comes to make thy People groan,  
 And with their Curses to ascend thy Throne;  
 A Clod-pate, base, inhuman, jealous Fool,  
 The Jest of *EUROPE*, and the Faction's Tool.  
 Heav'n never heard of such a Right Divine,  
 Nor Earth e'er saw a Successor like thine:  
 For if in Sense or Politicks you fail'd,  
 'Twas when his lousy long Succession you entail'd.  
 Let the ungrateful Wretch think what you've done,  
 For all his beggar'd Race, and Bastard Son.  
 See his mock Daughter and her Offspring shine  
 In all those blazing Brilliants that were thine:  
 Drunk with incestuous Lust, the cunning Jilt  
 Pretends Religion to conceal her Guilt.  
 Kings cou'd not draw her from her Brother's Bed;  
 Till he was slain, she wou'd not yield to wed.  
 See how her Hen-peck'd Stripling struts with Pride,  
 To *G——E* alone in little Sense ally'd:  
 With Head-piece fram'd miraculously thin,  
 All Brush without, and Emptiness within.  
 See his fantastick Air and foreign Mein,  
 His aukward Gesture, and affected Grin,  
 Which apish *Bullock* imitates in vain. }  
 Had you great Queen ne'er broke the Nation's Laws,  
 And wrong'd your Brother, and your Brother's Cause:  
 Ne'er by the Hell-born Faction been dismay'd,  
 By Fools deluded, or by Knaves betray'd;  
*BR——K* a petty Prince had still remain'd;  
 By Mercenary Troops his Court maintain'd, }  
 And over Slaves and *German* Boobies reign'd:  
 On Leeks and Garlick still regal'd his Taste;  
 In dirty Doulas Shirts and Fustian dress'd:  
 Been once a Month from Bugs and Lice made clean,  
 The only Free-born Subjects of his Reign.  
 Was it for this your Ashes are abus'd,  
 Your Servants libell'd, and the Peace accus'd.

You to the Church distributed your Store;  
 Gave the Distress'd, the Innocent, and Poor:  
 But now your vast Revenue's all bestow'd  
 On Punks at home, and Managers abroad.  
 Legions of Pimps, and Whores they scarce can score, }  
 Infest this Island and the Land devour;  
 But his insatiate Brood still gape for more:  
 More than for Native Kings was e'er decreed:  
 But Beggars hors'd will to the Devil speed.  
*Pigburgh* and *Kilmanseck* the modest Toast, }  
 Will soon have Pensions at the Nation's Cost,  
 Beyond what *Portland*, or what *Orkney* boast.  
 But since on knavish Models *G——E* is split,  
 By *T——d* cully'd, and by *Ch——ll* bit;  
 Take it from me that his Destruction's sure,  
 Nor can his ill-got Monarchy endure:  
 For when known Villains at the Helm preside,  
 And Kings against themselves with Faction side;  
 When impious Rage against the Church they boast,  
 Her Sons oppress'd, the Constitution lost;  
 Then soon abandon'd by the Rabble Rout,  
 Despis'd and hiss'd, and trampled under Foot,  
 A King becomes a vile detested Name,  
 And quits his Life as well as Crown with Shame.  
 Be this that bold usurping Upstart's Fate,  
 Who on another's Throne would fain look Great:  
 Sworn to maintain, yet laughs at all the Laws,  
 And by Tyrannick Rule supports his Cause:  
 By Redcoats and by Arms enforcing Sway,  
 By hungry Bloodhounds, and by Birds of Prey.  
 He said; and strait the curs'd Usurper's Soul,  
 Like *Aetna* heav'd, his Eye-balls wildly rowl:  
 Such is his Rage, and so the Monster stares,  
 When the dread Ghost of *C——k* appears.  
 And *Mahomet* and *Mustapha* prepare  
 To stem by Force his Madnefs and Despair.